





THE OWLE.

By Michael Drayton
Esquire.

Noctuas Arbenas.



L O N D O N

Printed by E. A. for E. White and N. Ling; and are to
solde neare the little north doore of S. Pauls Church,
at the signe of the Gux. 1604.

THE HOLY

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TO

THE WORTHY
AND MY MOST ESTEEMED
Patron Sir Walter Aston, Knight of the
Honorable Order of the
BATH

For the shrill Trumpet and sterne Tragick sounds,
Objects out-ragious and so full of feare;
Our Pen late steep'd in English Barons wounds,
Sent war-like accents to your tune-full eare.
Our active Muse to gentler Morals dight;
Her slight conceits, in humbled tunes doth sing;
And with the Bird (regardlesse of the light)
Slowely doth moue her late high-mounting wing.
The wreath is *Iuye* that ingirts our browes,
Where-in this Nights-Bird harboreth all the day:
We dare not looke at other Crowning boughes,
But leauue the *Lawrell* vnto them that may.

Lowe as the earth, though our Inuention moue
High yet as heauen (to you) our spotles loue.

DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY

1927-1931 1932 1933 1934 1935 1936 1937 1938 1939 1940

INTRODUCTION

ε A

WILSON AND DODGE



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To the Reader.

Reader, I thinke it not amisse bresely to let thee know, that a
yeere is almost now past, since this small Poeme was lastly fin-
ished: At which time (it gaue place by my inforcement) vndertak-
ing then in the generall joye of the Kingdome, and my zeale to his
Highnesse, to write his Majesties descent in a Poeme gratulatorie.
And now, for that this Subject may (perhaps) seeme idle and
worthlesse: I might this answere (to him that will see in reading, or
read with vnderstanding) that the greatest masters in this Arte
(though my selfe, not for any affectation of singularitie) haue writ-
ten vpon as sleight matter. As the Princes of the Greces and La-
tines, the first of the Frogges warre, the latter of a poore Gnatte:
and VIDA veriewitilie of the Chest playe and Silke-worme.
Besides many other that I could recite of the like kinde. By how
much immateriall, so much the more difficult to handle with any
encommiastick defence, or passionate comparison, (as their strong
testimoniie) who can giue vertue her due, and by the powrefulnes of
witte, maintaine vice not viciously. Some other likewise in a para-
doxicall manner, as PROCRATES Oration in prayse of HELLEN
whom al the world disprayseth: ACTIPPA's declamation vpon the
vanitic of the Sciences, which knowledge, all the world admirereth.
Thus leaving thicke favorable to censure of my poore labours, I
ende.

M. DR.





In Noctuam Draytoni.

Quæ nouæ Lemniacas deturbant tela Volucres?
Quis furor aligerò perstringit corpore Graios
Transfixo, proceres? Posita Pæantius ira
Contulit Herculeas ad Troïca fata pharetras.
Fallimur an puro tonuit pater altus Olympo?
Aut tremuit sonitu Phœbas? Cælifer artus?
Novimus augurium: tanto Deus ille tumultu
Sacerorum exagit mortalia pectora vatum.
Hinc furor in sylvas Draytonum mittit: oberrat
Hinc saltus nullo signatos tramunt Mula;
Hinc & in ætiam liberatur machina gentes:
Quæ ferit imme mores (iterato verbere) reges.
Proterit & Vulgus (audaci more) profanum.
Eia, age: dum crebro fugiat tremebundus ab iau
Immitis seruus vici, dece dat aboris
Anglorum longè: Instratis lampade sancta
Cujus conjunctu exultant fulgorc Britanni.

A. GRENEVALL.

W. D.





THE OWLE

What time the Sunne by his all-quicckning power
Giues life and birth to euery plant and flower,
The strength and seruor of whose pregnant ray,
Buds euery branche and blossomes euery spray;
As the frim sap the yeerly course assyg'nde
From the full roote, doth swell the plenteous rynde,
The vitall spirits long nourisht at the hart,
Flye with fresh fier, to each exterior parte;
Which stirres desire in hot and youthfull bloods;
To breath their deare thoughts to the listning woods,
With those light flocks the garish fieldes frequent,
This frolick season luckylie I went,
And as the rest did, did I franckly too,
,Leaft is he marck'd, that doth as most men doo.
But whether by some casuall defect,
All Flowers alike the time did not respect:
Some whose new rootes ne're saw a former May,
Floorish now faire, those withered quite away,
Into my thoughts that incidently brings
Th'inconstant passage of all worldly things.

The Owle.

The rarest worke wherat wee wonder long,
Obscur'd by time that enuie could not wrong.
And what in life can mortall men desier,
That scarsly comm'n, but quickly doth retier?
The Monarchies had time to grow to head,
And at the height their conquered howers fled:
And by their wane those latter kingdomes rose,
That had their age to winne their howers to lose,
Which with much sorrow brought into my minde
Their wretched soules so ignorantly blinde,
(When euen the great'st things in the world vnstable
Clyme but to fall, and damned for a bable.

Whil'st thus my thoughts were strongly entertain'd
The greatest lampe of heauen his height had gaign'd;
Seeking some shade might lend content to me,
Loe neere at hand I spy'd a goodly tree,
Vnder the xtenture of whose lordly armes,
The small Birds warbled their harmonious charmes
Where sitting downe to coole the burning heate,
Through the moist pores euap'rating by sweate,
Yeelding my pleas'd thought to content (by chance)
Vpon a suddaine drop't into a trance,
Wherein me thought some God or power deuine
Did my cleere knowledge wondrously refine.
For that amongst those sundry varying notes,
Which the Birds sent from their Melodious threed

End

The Owle.

Each Siluan found I truly vnderstood,
Become a perfect Linguist of the Wood:
Their flight, their song, and euery other signe,
By which the world did anciently deuine,
As the old *Tuskans* in that skill profound,
Which first great *Car*, and wise *Tyresias* found,
To me bequeath'd their knowledge, to discry
The depth and secrets of their Augury.
One I could heare appoynting with his sweeting,
A place conuenient for their secret meeting,
Others, when Winter shortly should declyne,
How they would couple at Saint *Valentine*.
Some other Birds that of their Loues forsaken,
To the close desarts had themselves betaken,
And in the darke Groaves where they made aboad,
Sang many a sad and mournefull *Palinod*.
And euery Bird shew'd in his proper kinde,
What vertue nature had to him assignde.
The pretty *Turtle*, and the kissing *Doue*,
Their fauhs in Wedlock, and chaste nuptiall Loue:
The *Hens* (to women) sanctitie expresse,
Hallowing their egges: the *Swallow* clenlinesse,
Sweeting hir nest, and purging it of dong
And euery hower is pickiug of fair yong.
The *Heron*, by soaring shewes tempestuous showers,
The princely *Cocke* bistinguishes the howers.

Diuina-
tiō by
Birds.

The time
when
Birds
Couple.

The Owle.

The Kite his traine him guiding in the aire,
Prescribes the helme, instructing how to stete.
The Crane to labour, fearing some rough flawe,
With sand and grauell burthening his crawe:
Noted by man, which by the same did finde
To ballast shippes for stedding in winde.
And by the forme and order in his flight,
To march in warre, and taught to watch by night.
The first of house that ere did grounde lay,
Which then was homely of rude lome and clay.
Learn'd of the Martin: Philonel in spring,
Teaching by art her little one to singe;
By whose cleere voyce sweet musicke first was found
Before Amphion ever knew a sound.
Covering with Mose the deads vnclosed eye:
The little Red-breast teacheth charitye.
So many that in sundry things excell,
Time scarce could serue their properties to tell.

I cannot iudge if it the place shoulde bee,
That shoulde present this pretty dreame to mee,
That neare the Eaves and shelter of a stacke
(Set to support it) at a Beeches backe
In a stub'd Tree with Iwy ouer-growne,
On whom the sunne had scatly euer shone:
A broade-Fac'd Ceature, hanging of the wing,
Was set to sleepe whil'st euery Bird did sing.

The Drowsie P

His drowsy head still leaning on his brest,
For all the sweet tunes Philomet expect,
Noe signe of joy did in his lookes appeare,
Or euer mou'd his melancholy cheere,
As callaphus that brought into my bed,
In Orides changes Metamorphis'd,
Or very like: but him I read aright,
Solemne of lookes as he was flowe of sight,
And to assure me that it was the same,
The Birds about him strangely wounding came.
Eye, quoth the *Leymer* tripping on the spray,
Rowse thee thou sluggish Bird this mirthfull May,
For shame come forth and leue thy Luskye nest,
And haunt these Forrests brauely as the best.
Take thy delight in yonder goodly Tree,
Where the sweet Merle and warbling Manis bee.
Next, quoth the *Tumansse* which at hand did sit,
Shake off this moody melancholly fit.
See the small brooks as through these groves they
porting for joy vpon the Silver grauell,
Locke the sweet notes the neighboring Siluans sing,
With the smooth cadence of their murnuring,
Each Bee with Honey laden to the thye,
From Palme to Palme (as carelessly they flye),
Catch the fast wind, and him his course bereaves,
To stay and dally with th' inamored leaues.

Ascalla-
phus in
Bubone

The Quare

This while the Owl, which well himselfe could bear,
That to their short speech lent a listning eare:
Begins at length to rowse him in the Beech,
And to the rest thus frames his reverend speech.

O all you feathered Quiresters of nature,
That mighty power distinguish'd every creature;
Gauе severall vses vnto euery one:
As severall seedes, or things that live vpon:
Some as the Larke that takes delight to build,
Farre from resort amid the Yastic field,
The Pellican in desarts faire abode,
Her deare lou'd issue safely doth vnlode
The Sparrome and the Robbet agen,
To live neare to the Mansion place of men:
And nature wisely which hath each thing taught,
This Place best fitting my content fore-thought,
Though not presuming in the stately Trees,
Yet where fore-sight lesse threatening danger sees,
The tempest thrilling from the troubled ayre,
Strikes not the shrub the place of my repayre.
The Fowlers snares in Ambush never lay'd
T'intrap my steps which often you betrayd.
A silent sleepe my gentle fellow Birds,
By day, a calme of sweet content affords;
By night I tower the heauen deuoy'd offearc,
Nor dread the Gribon to surprise me theare.

aid I

B

The Owl.

And into many a secret place I peep,
And see strange things whil st you securelye sleep.
Wonder not Birds although my heauie eies,
By daie seeme dim to see those vanities.
Happie's that sight the secret st thinges can spye,
By seeming blinde vnto communitie,
And blest are they that to their owne content,
See that by night that some by day repent.
Did not mine nyes seeme dim to others sight,
Without suspect they could not see so right.
O sillie creatures, happie is the state,
That wayes not pittie, nor respecteth hate.
Better's that place through homely and obscure
Where we repose in safety and secure,
Then where great Birdes with Lordly tallants yeaze
Not what they ought, but what their fancies please:
And by their power preuailing in this sorte,
To rob the poore, account it but a sporte.
Therefore of two I chose the lesser evill,
Better sit still then rise to moe the detill.
Thus the poore Owl vnhappily could preach,
Some that cam neere in compasse of his reach,
Taking this Item with a generall care,
A guilty conscience feeleth continuall fear,
Soone to their sorrow secretly do finde,
Some that had winck'd not altogether blinde.

And

The Owle.

And finding now which they before had heard,
"Wisdome not all in every garish Bird,
Shrewdly suspect that brenuyting by night,
Vnder pretence that he was ill of sight,
Slylie had seene which secretly not kept,
Simply they wak'd; he subtilly had slept.
The eniuious Crow that is so full of spight,
The hatefull Buzzard, and the rauenous Kite.
Plinie. The greedy Rauen that for death doth call,
Spoyle poore Lambs as from their Dams they fall,
That picketh out the dying creatures eyen;
The theeuish Dame, and the dissembling Pye,
That onely liueth vpon the pooreys spoyle,
That feede on Dung-hilles by thelorf somye foyle.
The Wyndescker whose hardned beake hath broke,
And patc'd the hart of many a solid Oke.
That where the Kingly Eagle wont to pray
In the calme shade in heare of Summers day:
Of thousand of faire Trees there stands not one
For him to peatch or set his foote vpon,
And now they see they safely had him here,
T' eschew th' effect of every future feare:
Vpon the suddaine all these murdrous fowle,
Fasten together on the harmelous Ome,
The cruell Kit because his clawes were keene,
Vpon his hinde face wreake his angry scene.

The Owle

His weasant next the rauenous Rauen plyes, foliW
The Pye and Buzzard tugging at his eyes. foliW
The Crow is digging at his brest amaine; foliW
The sharp-nebd Hecco stabbing at his brayne, foliW
That had the Falcon not by chance bene neere, foliW
That lou'd the Owle and held him onely deere, foliW
Come to his rescue at the present tyde, foliW
The honest Owle vndoubtedly had dyde. foliW
And whilst the gentle Bird doth yet pursue, foliW
The ryot done by this rebellious crue, foliW
The lesser Birds that keep the lower spring, foliW
There-at much greeue with wofull murmuring, foliW
Yet wanting power to remedy his wrongs, foliW
Who tooke their liues, restrained not their tonguest foliW
The Larke, the Lenner, and the gentler sorte, foliW
Those sweete Musitions, with whose shrill reporte, foliW
The fenceles woods, and the obdurate rocke, foliW
Haue oft bene moou'd: the warbling Throstle Cocke, foliW
The Ouseill, and the Nightingale among foliW
That charmes the night calme by her powerfull song, foliW
In Phæbus Lawrell that do take delight, foliW
Whom loues fearece thunder hath no Power to smite, foliW
Justice say they, ah whether art thou fled? foliW
Or this vyle world, hast thou abandoned? foliW
O why fayre vertue we'ret thon made in vaine? foliW
Freedome is lost and libertie is hayne: foliW

The same
rall lone
of the Fal-
con to the
Owle.
Plimis.

The Owle.

Whylst some whose power restrained not their rage,
Loudly exclaime vpon the chyvous age,
That rockes for pelle doe resigne them eares,
The earth so wette with plentic of their teares.
But thus it hap in heat of all these things,

„As Kings rules realms, God rules the harts of Kings.

The Princely Eagle leauing his abode,
Was from his Court stolne secretly abrode,
And from the court, closely where he stood,
To finde how things were e'enfur'd in the wood;
Farre in the thickets might a chattering heare,
To which soone lending an officious care,
With a still flight his easie course doth make
Towards where the sound he perfectly doth take.
At euery stroke (with his Imperiall wings)
The gentle ayre vnto his feathers clings;
And through his softe and callow downe doth flowe
As loath so soone his presence to forgoe,
And being at last arryued at the place
Where the poore Owle in miserable case
(For wome much sorowe euery where was heard)
Sadly bemoan'd of many a helpleſe Bird.
But when this Princely Iouiall Foule they ſaw,
As now deliu'red from their former awe:
Each little creature liftēd vp a wing,
With Aue Caesar to their ſoueraigne King.

Wh-

The Owl

Who seeing the Owl thus miserablie forlorne,
Spoyl'd of his feathers, mangled, scratcht and torne; A
Wil'd him his name and qualite to shewe,
How and wherefore he suffred all this woe.
Which the Owl hearing, taking hart therby,
Though somewhat daunted with his pearcing eye,
(With a deep sigh) my soueraigne Leidge, quoth he,
Though now this poore and wretched as you see,
Athens sometime the Muses Nurserie,
The source of Science and Philosophie,
Allow'd me freedome in her learned Bowers,
Where I was set in the Cecropian towers,
Armed Bellona (Goddesse of the field)
Honor'd my Portraict in her war-like Sheild.
And for my studie (of all other Fowle)
To wise Minerua chalenged the Owl.
For which, those graue and stil-autentique Sages
Which sought for knoledge in those golden ages,
Of whome we holde the science that we haue,
For wisdom, me their Hiroglifi que gaue.
The frutefull Ceres to great Saturne borne,
That first with Sickle cropt the rip'ning Corn,
That bore the swartye Acheron, whose birth
Scarsely yet perfect, loathing of the earth,
And flying all communitie with men,
Thrust her blacke head into the Stygian fen;

The Owle

Where the Nymph Ophra in the infernal shade,
As in his streame she carelessly did wade;

The flood Imbracing craftily her guilde;

By whom soone after she concea'd with childe,

Ouid. Me-
tam. Lib.
quinto.

Of her deare sonne Ascallaphus, whose youth

So cherisht Justice, and respected truth;

As to the gods he faithfully did tell,

The tast'd fruit by Proserpine in hell:

Which an offence imagined so fowle,

Ceres trans-form'd into the harmeles Owle.

To our disgrace though it be vrg'd by some,

Our harmeles kinde to Creet doth never come;

The Cretians euer lyars, nor come we thether,

For truth and falsehood cannot liue together.

And those that spurne at our contented state,

With Viperous enuie and degenerate hate;

Strive to produce vs from that Lesbian bed,

Wherewith blinde lust the fleshly letcher led

On his owne childe, vnnaturally to praye,

(For that fowle fact) transform'd Nyctiment,

But sildome seene vnto the publique eye,

The shreeking Litcb-Owl that doth never crye,

But boding death and evill her selfe intretts,

In darksom grates and hollow sepulchers.

Thus much, my Sotteraigne, when

Now for the cause of this my present

Ouid. Me-
tam. Libr.
Secund.

The Owl

Few words may serue amischief to vnfolke,
For in short speche long sorrow may be told.
But for my freedome that I vs'd of late,
To lanch th' infection of a poysoned state,
Wherin my free and vncorrupted tongue,
Lightly gaue taste of their injurious wrong.
The Kyte, the Crow, and all the Birds of pray,
That thy Liedge people hauock night and day,
Rushing vpon me, and with soule despight,
Thus haue they dreſt me in this pitous plight.

The Eagle now a serious care that leaueth,
To the religiouse and deuout intent,
Of the good Owl, whom too injurious fate
Had thus rewarded; doth commiserate
The poore distressed Bird, hoping to heare
What all the rest through negligence or feare,
Smothred in silence, and had buried still,
Covering the sore of many a festered ill,
Not onely grants him libertie of speech,
But further dayning kindly to beseech,
The vertuous Bird no longer to refraine:
Who thus emboldned by his Soueraigne,
At length his silence resoluteley brake,
And thus the Birds majestic be speake.

Mightie though though my plaine homely words,
Haue not the graue than elegance affords.

The Owl.

Truth of it selfe is of sufficient worth;
That needs no glossie of arte to set it forth.
These hoary plumes like mosses vpon that Oake,
By seeing much, yet suffring more I tooke.
Long haue I seene the worlds vncertaine change,
Joy moues not me, affliction is not strange.
I care not for contempt, I seek not fame,
Knowledge I loue, and glory in the same.
Th' ambitious judgement seat I never sought,
Where God is solde for Coyne, the poore for nought.
I am a helpleſe Bird, a harmles wretch,
Wanting the power that needfull is to teach.
Yet care of your great good and generall weale,
Unlocks my tongue, and with a seruent zeale
Breakes through my lips which otherwise were pent
To that ſetuerne Graue Sammies document.
I knowe before my harmles Tale be tolde,
The grapple Vulture argues me too bolde.
The Cormoran (whome spoyle cannot suffice)
Stickes not to charge and slander me with lyes.
The Parrots taxe me to be vainely proud,
And allcrys shame the Owl should be allow'd.
Which with this Axiome doth them all confute,
When Kings bid speake, what ſubiect can be mute.
The lateſt winter that rore went our prime,
O mightie prince, vpon a certaine time

Bartas.

Pithago.

Igo

The Odes

I got into thy Pallace oh a night,
There to revide my melancholy spright,
And there (for darknes) wayting al alone,
To view (by night) what Lords by day tooke on,
Where I beheld so many Candles light,
As they had mok'd the Tapers of the night.
Where for it grew vpon the time of rest,
And many, great sinceritie profest,
Expecting prayer should presently proceed;
To aske forgiuenes for the dayes misdeed,
There in soft Downe the liquorous Sparrow sat,
Pamper'd with meates, prond, insolent and fat,
His Drugs, his drinks, and sirrops doth apply,
To heat his blood and quicken luxurie,
Which by his billing female was imbrac'd,
Clasping her wings about his wanton waste.
O God thought I, what's heere by light within,
Where some in darkness should haue feare'd to sin.
The Cormorant set close by to devise
How he might compasse strange Monopolies,
The gawdy Gold-finck and his courtly mate,
The jolly Bunting powerfull in the state,
Quickly agreed, and but at little sticke,
To share a thousand for a Bishoprick,
And scramble vp some feathers from the Lark,
What though a Parson and a learned Clarkes

And

The Owle.

Mantua
Bardocu-
calatus ca-
put, &c.

And for his reuerence though he weare a Cowle,
Yet at his entrance he must pay them tolle.
I saw a Buzzard scorning of the blacke,
That but of late did cloath his needy backe
With Ostridge feathers had adorn'd his crest,
As he were bred a Faulcon at the least.
Thus strouts he daily in his borrowed plume
And but or shame he boldly durst presume,
With Princeely Eglets to compare his sight:
Not the proud Iris in her coullers dight,
Could with this base Kyte equally compare.
What fowle before him stood not humbly bare?
No lesse then Lords attending euerie beck,
At his commaund his betters brooke his check.
But O my Liedge, the Birds of Noble race,
Knowe whence he is and who affords him grace,
And in his greeue to see a seruile mate,
Crepe vp by fauour to out-braue a State.
The poore Implumed Birds that by offence,
Or some disgrace haue lost preheminence
Can poynt and say, this feather once was mine:
Some winck, some wold, some greeue, & some repine
Besides all this, I saw a Bird did scotter,
A Serpents teeth, that daily did cleare
Widowes and Orphanes, yet the Egyptian Sawes
Commend this Bird for cleasing Serpents lawes.

The Oyle.

For the base Trochyle thinketh it no paine,
To scowre vyle Carion for a savorie gaine.
When soone I saw about the Serpents nest,
Whil'st this slauie Bird his nastie grinders dreft.
A thousand little Flyes, as many Birdes,
Of labouring Bees, a thousand thousand heards,
A thousand fundrie Foule, that strangely carp
And curse that beake that made his goomies so sharp.
Yet in this base Bird I might well discry,
The prosperous frute of thriuynge Policy.
Casting mine eye and looking through a glasse,
I saw a Gos-banke (that in state did passe)
That by faire shewes did mens affections feele,
Golde (his attendant) alwaies at hes heele.
Whole Manors did him reverencie as he staid,
Whose name (if written) could possession plead
In any Lordship that adioyned his:
Lawe was his vassall, he and purchase kis.
Zeale was his foole, and learning was his iester,
Pride was his page, and Gluttony his taster,
A thousand suters wayted at his hand,
Some call'd his honor Patrone of the land;
The sole commanader of the Common-weale,
And vnto him they humbly all appeale.
When in a Closset strangely I beheld,
That was adjoyning to a pleasant field,

D

How

The Owl.

How euery suter when he was retyr'd
Bought out his peace, or his promotion hy'rd;
Yet what he wonne with cursses was rewarded,
When the poore Birds for bribes alone regarded.
To th' secret of all secrets when I came,
Hauing mine eyes euenglewd with griefe & shame;
I tell not how the vulture fate apart,
Spending the blood and marrow of his hatt,
And by all meanes his faculties t'apply,
To taynt the *Phoenix* by his surquedry;
That of her kinde had she bene more then one,
(Parent and Infant to her selfe alone)
This heauenly Bird (in touching their defame)
Had had her purple soyled with their shame.
And for the *Turtle* would not be ynchaste,
Her did they banish to the barren waste.
I dare not say how euery sorte were searched,
Nor dare I tell how Auarice was perched
Vnder the pillow of the grauest head,
(That freedome with the golden world is dead)
How age had cast off a religious life,
Humor of late become Opinions wife:
Counsaile secure, nor Companies with care,
The wit that woundeth zeale accounted rare.
But whither wandreth my hye rauish't Musc?
O pardon Leidge, the feirce exclaims I vsc;

Claudian:
de Phoc-
nise.

And

The Owle.

And let my Barque (thogh gales of your good grace)
Through these rough Seas) bear Layle a little space.

Scarfe had these words found vtrance through my
But ther-with all a pratling *Parrot* skips (lips
About the priuat lodging of his Peeres.

His eyes were watchfull, open were his eares:
He had a tongue for euery language fit,

A cheuerell Conscience, and a searching wit.
Comming in hast as he had crost the Mayne,

And brought some strange intelligence from Spayne
Yet euen at mid-night (for the Rogue was poore)

I found him knocking at a great mans doore;

And where of course the wife are turnd away,
His errand brookes no dilatorie stay,

But presently conducted (by a light)
Into a Chamber very richly dight,

Where sat the Vulture with a dreadfull frowne,
Proud and ambitious, gaping for renowne:

His talents red with blood of myrthered foules,
His full eye quickly euery way controles.

Which when this *Parrot* stellastly beheld,
His feathers brisled and his Romack sweld,

Anp to the Vulture openeth where he sat,
(Whose eares attentiuue listning still therat)

The state and haumour of each priuate man,
Layd out for searching Auarice to scan.

The Owne. IV

Whereby strict rule and subtilties in arte,
Such traq's are set, as not a man can start,
And where th' offenders maintenance was great,
Their working heads they busily doe beat,
By some strange quiddit or some wrested clause,
To finde him guiltie of the breach of lawes,
That he this present injurie to shift,
To buy his owne, accounts a Princely guift,
And for a cloake to their corrupt Decrees,
The Vulture with this subtil Bird agrees;
That they that thus conuicted are aparte,
Shall be surpriz'd by policy and arte,
Then picke they forth such theeuers as haue the light,
The black ey'd Bat (the watch-man of the night)
That to each priuate family can prie,
And the least slip can easly discrie;
And since his Conscience is both loose and la,ge,
Is onely set to vnder-goe this charge;
Adrest to drinke of euery priuate Cup,
And not a word slips but beakes it vp,
To minister occasion of discourse,
And ther-with-all, some dangerous Theame in-force,
To vrge a doubtfull speech vnto the worst,
To broach new treasons and disclose them first;
Where-by him-selfe still cleeres: and vn-awares
Intraps the Foule, ynskilfull of these snares.

And

The Owl.

And (against law) he beares his Lords Protection,
As a fit meane and by the States direction.
O worthy Birds, prevent this ill in time,
And suffer not this rau'ous Bat to climbe;
That is occasion of the beests offence,
The brat of riot and of indigence,
The moath and canker of the Commonweale,
Bred by corruption to disquiet zeale.

Holla thou wandring Infant of my braine,
Whither thus fling'st thou? yet diuert thy strayne;
Returne we back vnto our former gate,
From which a little we digrest of late,
And leaue this monster beating of his head,
The honest Owl hath quickly stroke him dead.
And forth againe the Parrot let vs finde,
That winning credit so the world doth blinde,
Vnder protection of so dread a hand,
Spoyles and familes ransacketh thy land.
The Pellican that by his fathers teaching,
Hath with deuout zeale folow'd wholsom preaching,
That rent his bosome and infor'd his young,
To teach his tender and beloued young.
When now these fauters of all vile abuse
Haue found a stand where they may note his vse,
How father-like he giues affliction bread,
Conuerting soules; through blind-folde error led.

The Owle

The naked Orphan in his bosome wraps,
With the poore widdow doth bewaile her haps;
And never reaps his plentious field so cleane,
But leaues his haruet that the poore may gleane;
Steps in this false pye, this pronacting wretch,
Closely betrayes him that hee giues to each:
And for his deedes of charity and grace,
Roots vp his godly Hospitable place.

The Al. Most like to that sharp-sighted Alastras,
caus. That beates the ayre aboue the liquid glasse:
The New-worlds Bird, that proud imperious fowle,
Whose dreadfull presence frights the harmeles Owle:
That on the land not onely workes his wish,
But on the Ocean killes the flying fish.
Which since the Owle hath truely done his arrant,
O Princely Eagle looke ynto this tyrant:
But if my words thou willfully impung,
Thy peacefull Empyre that hath flourish'd long,
Headlong at length shall to confusion runne;
As was this great globe ere the world begunne:
When in an huge heape and vnweldie masse,
This All was shut and nature smothered was:
And in this Lumpe and Chaos out of frame,
The contraries conuers'd and one became,
Strictly together th' Elementts were clasped:
And in their rough hands one theire a grasp'd:

The Oyle.

That each did others qualitie deface,
Beautie was buried, light could finde no place.
But when th' al-seeing Soueraigne did disperse,
Each to his place vpon the vniuersall,
To his owne region and his contrarie;
Enuy'd his place, impugn'd his qualitie.
Fyer, Aire, Earth, Water, in their Mansion late,
By that great God to them appropriate.
All is compos'd within this goodly roome;
A perfect shape this Embrion is become;
Which thus disseuered by their friendly jarres,
Contrive the worlds continuance by their warres.
So in confusion members are incloſd,
To frame a state if orderly dispos'd:
For to the proud maleuolent aspect,
Of angry *Saturne* that would all direct,
The long exiled but Imperious *Loue*,
When for his regal Soueraigntie he stroue,
With god-like state and presence of a King,
Calmes *Saturnes* rage, his furie limiting.
But leaue we those vnto their owne decay,
Other occasions haſten vs away:
Let Princes viewe what their poore ſubjects try,
Blinde is that fight, that's with another's eye;
It is full time that we ſhould get vs hence,
O mightie Soueraigne Oceans of offence,

Scandal

The Ouse

Stand here opposed in my passing by;
When in a Chamber nere thy Majestie
A jetting Laye accomplished and braue,
That well could speake, well could him-self behaue;
His Congeis Courtly, his demeanor rare,
As strangely fashion'd as his clothes he ware;
Which could each man with complement salute,
And to the *VVood-Cocke* fram'd a speciall suite,
Who him imbracing like a braineles foole,
Desir'd him sit, commanding him a stoole.
The jolly Laye thus graced by a Peere,
Pluckes vp his spirits, and with a formall cheere
Breakes ther-with-all into most strange reports,
Of Flemmish newes, surprising Townes and Fortes.
Of troubles rais'd in France against the King,
Spanish Armadoes and embattailing,
Protesting method in Intelligence
To be a thing of mightie consequence;
And pawnes his soule, he can deuise away,
Which put in acte, the Leaguers loose the day,
To frame a Bridge of Bow-string o're the *Rhine*,
Supplant the *Alps* and lay them smooth and plaine,
And that if all the Princes of the North,
Will with an Armie Royall set him forth,
Before the yeere expyr'd that is to come,
He will with *Burbon* newbe-leaguer *Rouie*.

London

Then

The Oyle.

Then of his knowledge in the Cabalist,
And what pertaines vnto an Exorcist.
Then of *Plasters* what their vertue be,
Homers *Nepenthe* and of his degree;
Each seuerall vse in practique what it is;
How much he wants that doth these secrets misse,
And by some little piller in that place,
To giue some Window or some Chymnie grace,
Now to proportion presently doth run,
And talkes of the Collossus of the Sun:
Of Columes the *Diameters* doth tell,
Euen from the Bace vnto the Capitell.
And by the Roote he something both allude,
And will demonstrate of the Magnitude.
And what is all this from his addle pate,
But like a Starling that is taught to prate,
And with a lisping garbe (this most rare man)
Speakes *French*, *Dutch*, *Spanish*, and *Italian*.
No day doth passe, he doth his compasse misse,
To send to that Lord, or to visit this,
And kissing of his clawe, his Cox-combe bare,
Is come to see how their good graces fare.
And presently vnto their face reports,
Their rare perfections wounded at in Courts;
Scratching the Idiot by his itching eares,
Heauens spit downe vengeance or diffonus in teares.

E

And

The Owl.

The Bird

Ibis, a de-
stroyer of
the locust.
Plinie.

And send the Ibis to repulse our shame,
to driue those Locusts to whence first they came.
Woe to these staves whose shape the deuill tooke,
To tempt the holy Esay at his booke.
O morall Mantuan liue thy verses long,
Horor attend thee and thy reuerend Song.
Who seekes for truth(fay'st thou)must tread the path
Of the sweet priuate life, which ennies wrath,
Vvhich poysned tongues, which vaine affected prase
Can-not by scorne supprese, by flattery raise.
For Adulation but if search be made,
His dayly mansion and his vsuall trade,
Is in the Monarchs Court, in Princes Halles,
Vvhile Godly zeale he by contempt inthralles.
There calles he euill good, the good tearnes euill,
And makes a Saint of an incarnate deuill.
These boldeky censure and dare set at naught,
The noblest wit, the most Heroique thought.
This Carion *Jaye* approaching to the spring
Vvhile the sweet Muses wont to sit and sing,
Vvith filthy ordure so the same defyl'd,
As they from thence are vtterly exyl'd.
Banish their issue, from whose Sacred rage
Flowes the full glory of each plentious age.
Still with the Prophets challenging their partes,
The sweet Companions of the Liberall Artes.

Thole

The Owl.

Those rare *Promethij* fetching fire from *Heauen*;
To whome the functions of the Gods are giuen,
Raysing fraile dust with their redoubled flame,
Mounted with *Hymnes* vpon the wings of *Fame*;
Ordayn'd by nature (Truch-men for the great)
To fire their Noble harts with glorious heat.
You Sun-bred Ayerie, whose immortall birth
Beares you aloft beyond the sight of earth,
The heauen-tuch'd feathers of whose sprightly wings,
Strikes (from aboue) the Pallaces of Kings,
By how much neerer you ascend the *Skyt*,
Doe lessen still to euery mortall eye;
Who in this time contemptfull greatnes late
Scorn'd and disgrac'd which earst renown'd *hir state*.
O basterd mindes vnto this *vylenes* brought,
To loath the meanes which first your honoris wrought
But who their great profession can protect,
That rob them selues of their owne due respect?
For they whose mindes should be exhal'd and hyc,
As free and noble as cleere *Poefyc*,
In the slight fauour of some Lord to come,
Basely doe crouch to his attending grome.
Immortall gift that art not bought with golde!
That thou to peasants should be basely sold!
And thus eu'en cloy'd with busines of the *Court*,
To neighbour *Groues* inuyting *my resort*,

The Owle.

Wherto I suppos'd the solitarie Owle
Might live secure vnseene of any fowles
Loe in a valley peopled thick with trees,
Where the soft day continuall Euening sees,
Where in the moist and melancholy shade,
The grasse growes rancke, but yeelds a bitter blade.
I found a poore Crane sitting all alone,
That from his brest sent many a throbbing groane,
Groueling he lay, that sometime stood vpright,
Maim'd of his joyns in manie a doubtfull fight.
His Ashie coate that bore a glosse so faire,
So often kis'd of the enamored aire;
Worne all to ragges and fretted so with rust,
That with his feete he troad it in the dust;
And wanring strength to beare him to the springs,
The spyders wove their webbs even in his wings:
And in his traine their slyme netting cast,
He eare not wormes, wormes eate on him so fast.
His wakefull eies that in proud foes despight,
Had watch'd the walles in many a Winters night,
And neuer winck'd nor from their object fled,
When heauens dread thunder rattled ore his head,
Now couered ouer with dimme cloudy kelles,
And shuncken vp into their slyme shelles.
Poore Bird that striving to bemoane thy plight,
I cannot do thy miseries their right;

Per-

The Owl

Perceiuing well he found me wherd I stood, on 510311V
And he alone thus poorely in the Wood, on 510311V
To him I stept desiring him to shewe, on 510311V
The cause of his calamite and woe, on 510311V
Nights-Bird (quoth he) what makst thou in this place, on 510311V
To view my wretched miserable case? on 510311V
All Orators are aged men at Armes, on 510311V
That wont to wreake and not bewayle their hartnes, on 510311V
And repetition where there wants relief, on 510311V
In less'ning forow, but redoubleth greefe, on 510311V
Seuen sundrie Battails, seru'd I in the feeld, on 510311V
Against the Pigmies, in whose battered sheeld, on 510311V
My prowes stands apparantly expres'd, on 510311V
Besides these scarres vpon my manly breast, on 510311V
Along the Mid-land coasts my troopes I led, on 510311V
And Affrickes pride with feare astonished; on 510311V
And maym'd I was of this decrepit wing, on 510311V
When as the fowle from the Proponticke spring, The Sea
frō Helle-
spont to
Bosphorus
Thracius.
Filled all Th'Egean with their stenning ores, on 510311V
And made the Iles even tremble from the shores, on 510311V
I saw when from the Adriaticke seas; on 510311V
The crosse-adoring Fowles to Europs praise, on 510311V
Before Lepanto and Moyra fought, wrought
Where heauen by winde, earths wonder strangely, on 510311V
Weary at length and trusing to my wort, on 510311V
I tooke my flight vnto the happy North, on 510311V

The Owl.

Where nobly bred as I was well ally'd,
I hop'd to haue my fortune there supply'd,
But there arryu'd, disgrace was all my gayne,
Experience scorn'd of euery scuruye swayne.
Other had got for which I long did serue.
Still fed with wordes whil'st I with wants did sterue.
Hauing small meanes but yet a mighty hart,
How ere in fame, not honor'd for desart,
That small I had, I forced was to gage,
To cure my wounds and to sustaine mine age;
Whil'st those that scarce did ere beholde a foc,
Exult and triumph in my ouer-throwe.
And seeing in vayne with miserie I stroue,
Retyr'd me to this solitarie Groue;
Where in dispayre (euen loathing of my breath)
I long to dwell in the colde armes of death.
Heere sanke downe in a sound and could no more,
And I returne from whence I came before.
Where by the way the countrie Rooke deplo'red,
The grip and hunger of this rauenous Lord.

The cruell Castrall which with deuilish clawes,
Scratcheth out of the miserable iawes
Of the poore tennant, to his ruyne bent,
Raising new Fynes, redoubling auncient rent;
By strong inclosure of olde Common land,
Rackes the deare sweate from his laborious hand,

Whil'st

The Olive

Whil'st he that digs for breath out of the stones,
Cracks his stiffe Sinewes and consumes his bones;
Yet forc'd to reape continually with strife,
Snarling contention feeding on his life.
Yet hoping Fortune bettered by his heyres,
He hath their loue, his hate made onely theires;
Laboring to keepe him in his quiet state,
When enuie doth his gathered Manors threat:
And being fauored of some higher Peere,
Who not for Loue, inforcing by his feare,
Which by their Clownish industrie and art,
Now to the Court reduce him from the Cart,
With slight prouision that defrayes his charge,
Whil'st with his graine he ballast manie a Barge,
And so his grapple Auarice he serue,
What recks this rancke-hinde if his Countrie sterue?
Hell on that wealth is purchased with shame,
Gold in the Trunck, and in the graue defame:
Yet his clawes blunt and when he can no more,
The needie Rooke is turn'd out of the doore.
And lastly doth his wretchednes bewayle,
A bond-flaue to the miserable Iayle.
Thus wearied with the sight of worldly crimes,
The wane of kingdomes, and the change of times,
Betooke my selfe by searching to espye,
What sinnes in secret did in Cities lye;

The Owl

For there I deeme'd where law had chiocest force,
Strongly to limmit euery lewder course,
Things turn'd to nature and disdain'd excesse,
That plaguy foe to humaine happines.
And as I went (with busie search about)
Casting by cunning how to finde them out,
I found the *Fasant* that the *Hawke* doth feare
Seeking for safetie bred his *Aerye* there:
Yet is accus'd through close informing hate,
By lawles lending to offend the state.
Who being Rich, and louing coyne and ease,
Still buyldeþ lowe for feare he should displease.
Yet the *Bald-Bazzard* being appoynted ludge,
To this base, muddy, miserable, drudge:
A paire of young ones taking from his nest,
And leaues this fearefull Recreatant the rest,
Who gives him thankes his goodnes would so doe,
Might take the *Aerye* and the old one too.
He liued best that most liu'd out of sight:
I dare not say that Birds were all upright;
For some had golden Beaks but brazen clawes,
That held the guildes to minister their lawes.
The *Castell* for possession of his heyt,
Is by the *Ringayle* offered woundrous faire,
To haue a match betwixt their goodly breed,
To increase their lande, and raise their happy seed.

But

The Owl.

But the coye *Castrell* turnes it to a mocke,
And scornes to match in his ignoble stoeke,
For which the *Ryng-tayle* by a secret plot,
Subborneſ the *Starling*, which hath closely got,
To be the Broker, flylie to seduce
The *Castrel*ſ Heyre, by giuing thirstleſſe vſe.
And in ſtrong Statutes to enthrall him ſo,
To lyme him ſure which way ſo ere he goe.
For this young Foule (drawen from his fathers eye)
Will with the fond world ſwimme in vanitye.
The ſubtil *Ring-tayle* neuer thus doth leaue,
Till he the *Castrell* cunningly deceiuſe.
And caught this young one in the Cities ſnare,
Deuoures his Mannors ere he be aware.
Mongſt which the *Dawe* (by giuing of a bribe)
Became a Clerke amongſt the learned Tribe,
That being a Bankerout, a diſ-honest beſter,
Can get his liuing onely by the letter,
Whilſt Arts goe beg, and in a feruile weed,
Are made the ſlaues of penurie and need.
The *Goſe* exyled, humbly doth appeale
To all the Birds, professing faith and zeale.
And though he proueth by the Roman book,
What care to keep the Capitall he took;
Yet is not heard: The *Dewe* with-out a gall
Is left forsaken, and conterm'd of all.

F

There

Plutarke.

Columba
ſincelle.

The Omie

There growes such difference and such strange con-
Twixt old decrees, and later Institutions: (fusions,
Yet being inspyr'd, desisteth not to speake,
To edifie the conscience that is weake,
And by approoued arguments of s'owne,
By scriptures, Fathers, and greate writers knowne,
Discouereth their abhominable trade;
So that the *Storke* their vmpyre being made,
Iudgeth the *Dave* should from the Church be driuen,
To prate in corners, and to preach by Euene.
And since his arte and eunning was so scant,
To haue no patron but the Ignorant;
And by his doctrine onely teaching fookes,
To be exilde and hiss'd out of the Schools.
Hence like the seede *Thebes*-buylde *Cadmus* throwes,
More arm'd mischieses sudainely arose:
The *Bittor* brings his action gainst the *Quayle*,
And on th' arrest allowes him hardly bayle;
Because he durst presume amongst the Reeds,
To let his Lemmon where his female b'reeds.
And Mistris *Titmouse* a neate merrie dame,
With her friend *VVagtail*, one of speciall name,
Su'de by the *Cucco* in his proper wronge,
For accusation of a scandalous tongue.
That to the barre his Aduocate doth bring,
That hath by rote the acts of many a King.

The Owle.

The Lawes, the Statutes and decrees assynd,
Customes so old, as almost out of minde.
A day of hearing good my Lord cries hee,
For Master *Cucco* that retaineth me,
Whom the lewd *VVagtail* basely hath abusid,
In so vyle tearmes as cannot be excusid:
The parties likewise present here in Courte,
And tis a case that well deserues reporte,
For which a Iury summoned with speed,
And to the tryall presently proceed.
The Braine-bald *Coot* a formall wittesse! A
Must now the fore-man on this matter passe:
The Sottish *Dotterell*, ignorant and dull,
And next to him the Mawe-cram'd gluttonous *Gull*,
The Lecherous *Mallard* cal'd vnto the booke,
The squealing *Lapwing*, the rediculous *Rooke*,
The wites *VVoodcock*, and his neighbour *Snipe*,
That will be hyr'd to passe on every rite,
With all the rest empanyled to wayte:
Which when the Iurye fullie was compleyte,
Cald to the Barre, admitted and allowid:
Up start the *Pecocke* insolent and proud,
Of goodly stature and of gratiouse port,
In presence of the honorable courte,
Thus for the Playniffe learnedly began:
My Lord (said he) was never worthy man,

The Owle.

So nobly bred and of so high descent,
Of so faire lively-hood, and so large a rent
As is the *Cucco*, when our plea shall trye,
His losse sustained by their infamye.
First for the worth and honor of his name,
You may the better censure his defame;
From mightie Birds descended every way,
And by his birth (the messenger to may)
His house still loyall, and his Coate as faire,
His fathers tunes he never did impaire.
His name and nature doe so well agree,
As shewes his blood repurifyed to bee.
In frutefull Sparta, it is since now long,
That famous Greece tooke notice of his wrong,
When for his wanton and vnchaste desire,
A thousand ships stuf'd with reuengefull fire,
To *Tenedos* the proud *Ægean* laddes,
Whence sprang those high immortall *Illiades*.
And since the *Romans* from the *Asian* broyles,
Return'd with conquest and victorious spoyles.
The *Cuci* heere continually haue beeene,
As by their auncient Evidence is seene.
Of Consull *Cuccus*, from whose mightie name,
These liuing *Cuccos* lineally came.
To him, the Auncients, Temples did erect,
Which with great pompe and ornament were deckt.

Lixius.

Tb.

The Omle.

Th' Italiaps call him *Becco* (of anod) With all the reverence that belongs a god.
What though in loue supposed to be vs'd,
What is his vertue need not be excus'd?
The wise man telles (if nature be our guide).
In following her, we sildome slip aside.
And in this Bird (who can her power deny)
If nature frani'd him to communitye?
Then wisely thus considering his profession,
You reuerend judges of this lawfull Session:
As you are patrones of the righteous cause,
Vouchsafe my clyent judgement. Heere doth pause.

Scarce could the *Peacocke* his conclusion make,
When straight his turne the *Turkie-cooke* doth take.
A learned Lawyer (worthy of his gowne)
Of reputation both in Court and towne.
And to the Bench for audience hauing cry'd,
Thus to the *Peacock* learnedly reply'd.
Graue reuerend fathers of the Law (he said)
The matter that our aduersaries plead
Is vaine and idle; we the poynt inforce
Against the *Cucco* and his lawles course.
The *Peacock* here a cunning speech hath made,
To help his clyent and vpholde his trade;
But strip this maske that doth conceale the cause,
Examine each perticuler and clause.

The Owle.

Plinie.

Gaint profe so poore, so indigent of truth,
The Bastard Cucco bringing from his youth,
First lay'd and hatch'd vp in a nothers nest,
Such vilenes raign'd in his base parents breast,
Who since that time they never sought for shame,
Nor but their vice dare for his birth-right claime:
The Hedge-Sparrow, (this wicked Bird that bred)
That him so long and diligently fed,
(By her kynde tendance) getting strength and power,
His carefull Nurse doth cruelly deuower:
Base as his byrth, so baser is his trade,
And to the world a byc-word now is made:
No Nation names the Cucco but in scorne,
And no man heares him, but he feares the horne:
No month regards him but lasciuious Maye,
Wherein whilst youth is dallying with the daye,
His song still tends to vanitie and lust:
Amorous deceipts, poligamies unjust,
But to cut off these tedious allegations,
The Lawe commands these publicke defamations,
Be straightly punished in the Noblest men:
Why should you spare the cursed Cucco then?
Who all his life to lewdnes being bent,
Rightly deserues the publick st. punishment.
Then gentle lutors, good men, and elect,
As you your safeties carefully respect,

The Oxe

If loues sweet Musick and his blisfull cheere; owne 910
E're touch'd your harts or mollify'd your care; yd 14A
Tender the case, and euermore the wed; y d 14A
Shall praise your conscience both at borde and bed. H 10
Thus said, he ceas'd; the Iurors step't aside, H 10
Wisely consulting, warily they tryde H 10
The circumstance of euery secret sin; H 10
Thus they return'd and brought their verdict in. H 10
Cast is the Cucco guiltie of the deede, H 10
And for a fine, for his deserued meed, H 10
Allowes to Mistres Tymouse for his charge, H 10
That she shall after haue her tayle at large; H 10
And when she Revells as she did before, H 10
To exclude the Cucco freely out of dore: H 10
And such offenders as they could present, H 10
Likewise adiudg'd deserued punishment. H 10
The Ringdowm plag'd with Maggots in the Mawe, H 10
The VVoodcocke gets the swelling of the crawe, H 10
The Crowe with dropsic (whil'st yet living) rottes, H 10
The Quayle a Leaper fill'd with lothsome spottes. H 10
The Buzzard of the Letergie is sickle, H 10
The Kyte with Feuors falleth Lunaticke, H 10
The Epilepsy grew vpon the Tayle, H 10
And of a sweat the Buning drops away. H 10
When now the Oxe that with a vigelent eye, H 10
All these demeuncions perfectly could trye. H 10

For

The Owl.

Fore-sawē the perrill threatned vnto all,
Apt by their loose credulitie to fall,
And whose preuention if they did fore-flowē,
Their vtter spoyle immedately should growē.
My friends(quoth he) looke warily about,
Many the daungers which you are to doubt:
This gallant Oke wherein so oft you play,
Perhaps (at length) your safetie may betray.
And though his shade be delicate and sweet,
His truncke beares lyme that may intrap your see,
If, fearing what is requisite and fit,
You like my judgement and allowe my wit;
Yours is the good: but if you fondly deeme,
Things be within, as outwardly they seeme;
Head-long runne on, and fall into the snare,
And say a freind once warn'd you to beware.
Thus spake the *Owl*, whose talke could not be heard,
„So little,fooles good counsell doth regard,
But thinking frensy him his witts beguyldē,
The honey Bird despightfully reuilde.
But marke their end who set aduice at naught,
„Fooles still too deare haue sound experience bought;
The Husband-man surveying of his ground,
Mong'it all the trees this Oke had quickly found:
And by all signes and likely-hood of trade,
The Birds therein there nighly roosting made.

And

The Onle.

And by the lyme that issued from the tree,
They all entangled easily might bee.
Taking the same, he spreads it on the sprayes,
And through the thicket closely creepes his wayes.
When the sad arndern shutting in the light,
Wan-sighted *Cynthia* (Lady of the night)
Proudly ascending the ætherial state,
Whence the bright *Phæbus* but dismounted late,
The dull-ey'd euening his moyst vapours threwe,
Strewing the still earth with sweet showers of deawe.
When every Bird replenished with foode,
Clapping his stretch't wings lively from the wood,
And on each small branch of this large-lymb'd Oke
Their prettie lodgings carelesly they toke,
No ill suspecting, fondly vnawares,
Quickly entangled in the Fowlers snares.
Whose mournfull chirping and their chattering cryes
Incites the *Owle* before his hower to rysse,
And hearing from his melancholy seate,
The Birds then-selues thus wofully to beate,
(The deed discouered with the mornings light)
Flewe from his pearch: though greeued at the fight,
Yet with a smile, his wisdome that became,
VVhich mock'd their folly, though bemoan'd their
Quoth he, you foolish Burgers of the field, (shame,
That in contempt my coursailes lewdly held.

The Owle.

That, where at late you did but laugh and jeere,
Now to your ruyne plainly doth appeere
The greatest thing you lightly are to lose,
Onely your plumes that fortune can dispose.
„Tis yet a comfort in the depth of smart;
„Enuye but seazeth on the outward part.
„But present perill in a thing of price,
„Rather craues action then doth stay aduice.
Therefore to help you will my power assay:
Where-with his wing doth presently display,
And with his clawes, the birds of euery kinde
Pluckles from the lyme, that left their plumes behinde.
The little *Robin* featherles and free,
Regrets the *Owle* with many a cap and knee.
The warbling *Mavis* mirth-full Peans fung,
The *Nightingale* with her melodious tongue
Gauē him such musicke (to declare their thanks)
That springes and riuers dance aboue their banks;
That (with the repercussion of the Ayre)
Shooke the great *Eagle* fitting in his Chayre:
Which from the mountaine (with a radiant eye)
Brau'd the bright Cressit of the glorious skye,
Moouing his princely majestie to see,
Whence this applause so sodainly should bee,
Whose sinewed wings (in their resiftles course)
Beat the thinne Ayre, with such a viloent force,

Tha

The Owle.

That the light Birds drip't head-long from the skyes,
The rocks and forrests trembling with the noyes,
Some-what amaz'd at this vn-usuall fight,
To see his people in this piteous plight:
His soueraigne care doth presently addresse,
Willing to heare the cause of their distresse,
To whom the poore *Owle*)his obedience done
Thus to his Liedge Lord, reverently begon.

Monarche of all that beat the ayre with wings,
Thou Bird of *loue*, beloued amongst kings:
Here stands an Oke well tymbred, largely spred,
That many a day hath borne his curled head,
Aboue his fellowes dwelling farre and neere,
That in the Forrest neuer found his peere;
Whose root well fastned in the frutefull ground,
His barke so louely and his heart so sound,
(Through his great wealth) grew insolent and proud,
Because the Birds that in his boughs did shrowd,
Vnto his praise continually did sing,
And kept their vigils to th' enamored spring.
The virgin-huntresse sworne to Dians Bowe,
Here in this shade hir quarries did bestowe,
And for their Nymphals, building amorous Bowers,
Oft drest this tree with Anademis of flowers;
And Flora chose her Nurcery here to shield,
Her tender buds the Infants of the field.
By which, this tree grewe arrogant in time,

The Owle.

In his ranck fap hath bred a loath-some flyme,
Vvhose nature and vile qualitie is such,
Strongly to holde what euer it doth touch,
And not content to minister this meane,
Which in short time might haue vndone vs cleane;
But euen his boughs the Birds haue honoured so,
Lastly imploy'd vnto their generall woe,
That when thy subjects dreading no deceit,
Came to this Tree as to their safe retreat
Falsely betrai'd, and he that sped the best,
Hardly escap't, with feathers at the least.
Those that I could as I had power and might,
Though with much paine, yet lastly did acquight,
The rest whose freedome doth exceed my reach,
O King of Birds I humbly thee beseech,
In mercy, let thy mightines purray,
To ransome from this imminent decay.

When now the Eagle cutting off his tale,
And euen for sorrowe wexing wan and pale;
At which sad sight, this poore implumed crew,
Stand faintly trembling in their Soueraigns view:
And hauing strech't his Lordly tallant forth,
To shew th' acceptance of this deed of worth;
You sillye Birds, you wretched Foules (quoth he)
Hence-forth let this a freindly warning be.
Had you (as nature and our lawes admit)
Built where your noble Auncestors did sit,

The rules.

VVisely prouiding to maintaine their state,
VWhose names and freedomes you participate,
You had not thus bene spoyled of your goods,
For subtiltie now dwelleth in the woods.
For if too high and haughtily you soare,
Those see your falles that houer neere the shoare,
If in the Cedar you your nests dispose,
The dreadfull lightning euer threatneth thosc.
If in the lowe earth (in the flattering shade)
The Foulers snares there secretly are laide,
Then my deere subjects, as you wish my good,
Or haue respect to your succeding brood,
Let your wise fathers an example giue,
And by their rules learne thriftily to liue.
Let these weake Birds, that want wher-with to fight,
Submit to those that are of grip and might.
Let those of power, the weaker still protect,
So none shall need his safetie to suspect;
Suppressing those enemities that are,
VWhose cure belongs vnto our Soueraigne care,
For when wealth growes into a fewe mens hands,
And to the great, the poore in many bands,
The pride in Court doth make the Countrie leane,
The abject rich holdes auncient honor meane.
Mens wits employ'd to base and seruyle shifts,
And Lay-men taught, by learn'd mens subtill drifts,
Ill with this state 't must incidently tare.

The Owle.

For euē as from th' infection of the ayre,
Sundry contagious sicknesses proceed,
These mischieves more continually do breed.
Shun beastly lust (you yong well feathered Foule)
That wounds the body, and confounds the soule.
That as the subtil' st of the Syrens brood,
Bindes all the spirits and ouer-comes the blood;
Darkning the purenes of the inward light,
Weakneth the sense and murd'reth reason quite.
And you that sit as Judges of the Lawe,
Let not vile gaine your equall Ballance drawe.
O ! still retaine the Ethiopians guise,
(As iust and vpright, as select and wise)
That in their judgements (sacred and profound)
Dispos'd them euer meekely on the ground;
To shewe the Angels (siting ouer head)
Them were to judge, as they had censured.

Thus spake the Eagle, when with muttering noyse
The rest attentue to his power-full voyce,
Giuing a signall of their admiration,
The Owle this while in serious contemplation
Softly replies : O mightie soueraigne !
With all the Synod of thy winged traine,
Th' abundant ioyes that in my hart do throng,
Require more organs then the onely tongue.
O blessed Birds ! how sweet is your subjection
Vnder the safe and absolute protection

2. v. Oyle

Of so exact and excellent a King,
So sole and perfect in his gouerning:
The reason this (my graue selected Peeres)
Because tis knowne that in these latter yeeres,
The peacefull state prepost'rously disturb'd,
By such whose power the great haue hardly curb'd.
The iocund *T*hrostle for his varying note,
Clad by the *Eagle* in a speckled coate,
Because his voye had judgement for the *Palme*,
Suppos'd him selfe sole patron of our calme.
All say, for singing he had neuer peere:
But there were some that did his vertue feare.
Why should'st thou then ambitiously despise
The manly *Falcon* ? on whose courage lyes
The Kingdomes safetie, which abroad doth rome,
By forraigne warres to keepe vs safe at honie.
I knowe, the straine of an alluring tongue
Can tye the full eare and detaine it long,
But other fortunes, and the altred place,
Craue new directions and an actiue grace.
The former vertue may consist alone,
But better two (if firmly ioyn'd in one)
Experience once (by seruice in the warres)
Did quote his strong Authorityes in scarres;
But in this latter time, it hath beene said,
The tongue doth all contemning th' others aid.
Virtue whose chiefe praise in the act doth stand,

Com

The Owle

Could wish the tongue still coupled with the hand,
But in the Cocke which death untimely wrackt,
In him was both the elegance and act,
O when that Bird was ravish'd from our sight,
(Intombing him) the world intom'd delight,
Let never accent passe my mournfull pen,
That leaves his fame vunregistered to men.
The Muses vayled with sad Cypres tree,
Vpon his graine shall powre their teares with such
O ! if the world can weep so many teares
As his losse names, or if in Heauen appere
More plentious sorrow, let them both agree
T' lament that bower that resteth earth of thine
O ! thought I not some spirit could giue thee more
Than this small portion of my scantled shore
I would not leue (I first would leaue to live)
To giue thee same: O who can greater giue? (king,

This said: sunk downe, as growing fairer with speare
Sighing withall, as though his hart were breaking.
The Princeely Eagle pittyng of his plight,
To cheare the poore Owle doing all he mig ht.
The Birds applauding with a free consent
Followed the Eagle (with devout intent)
To the great mountaine, to haue all amended:
Thus I awak' i, and heere my Dreame was ended.

